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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1908.

Mr. Bryan's Plan of Campaign.

In his speech at Kansas City Monday night Mr. Bryan outlined more definitely than he has hitherto done his plan of campaign, the central feature of which is a direct appeal for the support of Roosevelt Republicans. His belief is that there is a Democratic element in the Republican party which will not follow a reactionary candidate, and that neither the Republican nominee nor the platform will satisfy the expectations of this element. This, says Mr. Bryan, is the most hopeful sign of Democratic victory, for the President having aroused reform sentiment within his own party, the Republican party must placate the progressive Republicans or lose their support. Mr. Bryan declares the strong Roosevelt sentiment in the Middle West is not devotion to a person, but to certain ideas which the President represents, and these ideas, from the Bryan standpoint, are all Democratic ideas. Ergo, if the Republican party does not adopt the Roosevelt policies bodily and sincerely, the reform element will desert to the Democracy.

It will be seen, too, that John Sharp Williams' recent proffer of Democratic support to the greater portion of the Presidential programme is a part of the Bryan campaign for the support of the progressive element of the Republican party. Mr. Williams' tactics are obviously intended to demonstrate that the Republicans are unwilling to give the Roosevelt policies more than half-hearted and hypocritical endorsement, and that the Democrats offer the only sincere and genuine article of radicalism. Mr. Bryan is trying to show that Secretary Taft, who he evidently believes will be his opponent in the Presidential campaign, is a conservative in the guise of a Rooseveltian reformer, while Mr. Williams is trying to prove that Congress is no more radical than Taft. In short, both these Democratic leaders are endeavoring to deck out the Republican party in what they conceive to be its true colors. They assert that it is the same old party, temporarily diverted from its path by the strenuous Roosevelt, but only too anxious to get back again into the old ways.

What success may attend this plan of campaign no one can know until the returns come in. That it has some merit is shown by the President's efforts to counteract it by urging upon Congress the necessity of affirmative action that will demonstrate its attachment to the Roosevelt brand of reform. Mr. Taft's refusal to be pried loose from Rooseveltism is also evidence that he appreciates the necessity of keeping up the illusion that he is of the Roosevelt variety—although this illusion has been given a severe jolt by the country's friends with Wall Street. The aggressiveness of the Democratic attack undoubtedly causes concern in the Republican camp. It will have to be met with something more than words and promises, or a candidate who faces two ways—a conservative in the East and a Roosevelt radical in the West.

In a speech delivered last Monday night, Secretary Taft said: "The strength of this country lies in the fact that we do not have all the power at Washington; which is the first intimation we have had that the President wasn't in town last Monday night."

The "Black Hand" in Atlanta.

The South is the reputed home of chivalry in this country, and Atlanta is the greatest thing in Georgia, or Georgia is the greatest thing in Atlanta—we never could tell from reading the Atlanta papers which is correct; anyhow, chivalry has been given a terrific jolt in the Gate City of the South, and that at the hands of the women, too, albeit they are supposed to be the objects aimed at.

The Atlanta women have resolved, firmly and with unmistakable emphasis, that from this time forward they will not permit themselves to be assisted in alighting from street cars, or when attempting to board the same, by conductors, motormen, or other hireling of the local transportation companies; not that they have anything personal against Atlanta's justly famous and exceedingly courteous street railway employees, but that Atlanta is a city where the atmosphere always is pregnant with floating particles of soot, and the inhabitants thereof, consequently, possessed generally of very dirty hands, and especially among the specific gentlemen named. This unhappy state of affairs, the ladies aver, works great hardship upon them when the street car employees attempt to put in execution their natural gallantry in the matter of assisting lovely femininity from the company's cars; many and many the lovely shirt waists that have been hopelessly ruined thereby. To the end that this nuisance may be abated, the women have petitioned council to pass an ordinance making the helping of a lady from a street car a misdemeanor and fixing a proper punishment for the ordinance's violation.

We think there is much reason and sound sense in the position these fair Atlantans take, and we assure them there will be little or no opposition to the granting of their request. Spring is at hand, the sweet summer girl comes on apace! Shirt waists, peek-a-boos, and kindred delights hover on the horizon! Shall spotless lawn and organdie, and—ah—and, well, all those things, be smeared and frowled up by dirty masculine paws, even though they may be backed by the spirit of a good intent and actuated by a chivalric and a thousand times nobler motive? Better that gallantry perish from the face of the earth than survive at such cost! Down with the "black

hands" in Atlanta and everywhere else! Give the shirt-waist girl a square deal, though the heavens fall.

It is but just to say, however, that Gov. Hughes, of New York, vetoed a parallel lot of hasty and ill-considered regulation laws even before the Supreme Court of the United States vetoed the Minnesota and North Carolina cases.

Welcome, Friend, Thrice Welcome!

To Henry Watterson, greeting: Washington is yours. Its big broad, hospitable door swings open to you—wide open. Its knocker is thrown away.

The best the Capital has to offer to you. It loves and honors you as a native son. It keeps the warmest spot in its heart for you. It is the happier and the brighter and the better for your being here.

Then enjoy yourself, good friend! Make the most of it, and stay as long as you can. Our Capital is yours; our Capital, our home. The things that make us gay, the strenuous things that stir us, and the varied statesmanship that challenges our admiration, excites our fears or prompts our tears—all these and more are yours to enjoy, make merry over, admire, be thrilled with, or moved to tears.

You've seen it in days gone, and all the while with keen if long-range vision, you've really been part of it all. But, old as we are, we are ever new, this passing show of ours is ever new, and you will like it as of yore. Being in its very midst is to see it at its best, and like it most.

You will find Uncle Sam stepping a bit higher and to a livelier tune; the Gray Wolves troubled and a trifle shaggy, but getting there just the same; the Rooseveltian way smooth-paved for Taft, the anti-making way faces as they watch the leading bandwagon; the Democratic host attuned to Bryanism; and all of us, cocksure, whatever the case may be, that this republic will continue to be the greatest and most glorious ever erected at the hands of man, and Washington the fairest city on the face of the globe.

But, "Marse Henry," even if every word of this were not the Gospel truth, the fact would still remain that this Capital City loves and honors you, and welcomes you with all its heart.

Unfortunately for a number of people to-day, nobody has yet invented a foolproof April 1.

Airing and Suppressing a Scandal.

A fortnight or so ago a water-front scandal was aired in Congress. An ugly thing it seemed to be, involving a bit of shady and surreptitious legislation by which government property, more or less valuable, was voted to an individual practically as a gift.

All of us recall how Senator Carter, in scathing language, characterized the whole reprehensible transaction. All of us remember vividly, too, the speedy disclaimers of responsibility from divers quarters and the prompt washing of hands that ensued.

Especially do we recall, most vividly of all, how one of our distinguished lawmakers, affected in his legislative capacity by the disclosures, rose in righteous wrath and indignation solemnly to assure the House and the country of the absolute purity and regularity of everybody and everything, and to call for—yes, demand—the most searching investigation of the minutest facts connected with the affair.

It was a tense situation then—very tense, indeed; and some of us were set to wondering whether Senator Carter might not in the end be compelled to eat his very words after all those who were touched by the scandal had obtained a clean bill of health.

But that was not the only painful, not to say dire, contingency that threatened to develop, for coincident with the issuing of Congressional deft, veiled charges and innuendoes began to be whispered about affecting the War Department and its part in the water-front scandal. Something was going to drop, according to this undercurrent of rumor, if certain people at the Capitol were pressed too hard—something that would precipitate a real disclosure of country-wide import, and that might even shake a corner-stone of the administration and perchance smash the promising Presidential boom into smithereens.

All these things and more did one hear while the situation was tense. But, as we say, that was a fortnight or so ago. Nothing important has happened since. Nothing has dropped. Senator Carter has not eaten his words, nobody has been vindicated or given a clean bill of health, the administration's corner-stone remains intact, the Taft boom goes unsmashed, Congress is still to blame, and Sidney Bieker, our influential young fellow-townsmen, is in the running for national commission on the District of Columbia Republican ticket.

The situation isn't so tense now. Then, what's the use of stirring things up? Why not let everybody go unvindicated? What's the use of having a memory a fortnight long, anyway?

On with the campaign!

The senior Senator from Rhode Island has decided to retire from the Senate on account of the great number of busted trusts scattered throughout the land. April fool!

Financial Side of Naval Policy.

Army and Navy Life for April publishes a symposium on our naval policy for which Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson is a contributor. Mr. Hobson's enthusiasm for a big navy is only equalled by the immensity of his programme for naval expansion. His opinion is that we should have a navy adequate to control contemporaneously both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans against attack from Great Britain and Japan, these being the chief naval powers of Orient and Occident. "A scientific naval policy for the United States at this present moment," says Mr. Hobson, "is to maintain a navy with substantial margins of superiority over navies that could be assembled by any single nation of Europe in the Atlantic and by any single nation of Asia in the Pacific." This provided with what he regards as an "adequate navy," Mr. Hobson thinks we would be at peace with all the world as long as peace could possibly be preserved.

Perhaps Mr. Hobson should not be taken too seriously, but it is undeniable that our naval policy, as it has developed since the ordering of the fleet to the Pacific, tends logically to the end formulated above. And it is equally true that the theory that only a great navy insures peace cannot stop short of the requirement of the big navy advocates that our sea power should be so overwhelming as to make impossible any thought of attacking us. So that possibly Mr. Hobson is merely a little in advance of naval thought when he talks about a hundred battle ships and an expenditure of billions on new naval construction. We may catch up to him in course of time, but if we do we shall have to provide other sources of revenue

than those from which we now derive our national income. This is a consideration that may prove decisive in determining the question of naval expansion.

Mr. Taft, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, made the statement a week or two ago that we are this year expending 65 per cent of the aggregate revenue of the government on account of the army and navy, including expenditures on account of past wars, and he predicted that if military and naval expenditures increased at the present rate, in less than two years we will be spending 70 per cent of our total revenues for military purposes. Now, this means, as it does in England and Japan, and in every nation heavily weighted with military armaments, that the people must be more heavily taxed, or that expenditures for domestic purposes must be diminished. In some nations it means both. Because we own the Philippines, we cannot find money enough to house properly the administrative departments of the government or to improve the national waterways, or to provide safe school houses for children living within the shadow of the Capitol.

As a practical person we judge the financial side of naval expansion will have a wider influence than the big navy folks imagine. Before they convince American citizens that more taxes should be levied for "a scientific naval policy" they will have to show some better reason than has been heretofore given for their notion that we are in danger of foreign aggression simply because we have less than forty-eight battle ships. If we are to throw the bulk of our national revenue into the bog of militarism, some more valid ground will have to be assigned for adopting such a policy than that other nations are doing the same foolish thing.

Prince Helle de Sagan is reported to have had several chills since arriving in this country. Perhaps this was the result of Mr. George Gould's persistent throwing of cold water on the noble prince's matrimonial aspirations.

"Ought the United States to let Tillman go to Europe?" asks the Buffalo Express. Really, ought not the paraphraser to let a really sick man alone, as a matter how easy a mark he may be, as a rule?

A Massachusetts street car line has advanced its fare from 5 to 6 cents, and nobody has raised a kick. Whither are we drifting?

A scientist declares the north pole is shifting its position. Perhaps it is getting nervous as the open season for arctic dashes draws near.

A Chicago coal dealer was fined \$100 for persistently selling 1,900 pounds of coal and calling it a ton. As the coal is practically over, he must feel almost as bad as a railroad official fined \$1,645.19 for clearing up \$36,246.23 by giving \$21.70 in rebates.

The Kansas City Journal writes of "Bryan's thick skin." Perhaps the Journal is with the weak and puny anti-Bryan projectiles.

Mr. Harriman has just scooped another little old \$250,000 railroad. Perhaps Mr. Harriman thinks it is well to make his while the Presidential-year sun shines!

"Abe Hummel" says the newspapers did not "make him," according to the Eastern American. It was kind in "Abe" thus to relieve the newspapers of that responsibility.

An Oklahoma man claims to have found a snake in a can of molasses. We fear that can of molasses was unconstitutional in the sight of that State.

"When a man says to you, 'Here's the political situation in a nutshell,' you are pretty safe in setting back for an hour's nap," says the New York Mail. Yes, indeed; and prepare to receive your mental rations in a chestnut shell.

If our fleet is to accept every invitation scheduled by the newspapers, it will excite interest at some ports by and by as quite a collection of prehistoric relics.

Perhaps Emperor William is not sure but that the Big Stick may be able to reach even a Hohenzollern!

"After the Duke of the Abruzzi comes the Prince Helle de Sagan," says the Detroit Free Press. Our opinion is the prince is after an entirely different party.

There are \$10,000,000 in the United States Treasury "suffering from an owner," says the Philadelphia Telegraph. And just think of the people willing and anxious to put them out for their misery!

It cost Pennsylvania nearly \$7,000 to convict four capital grafters. Still, even at that, they were something in the nature of bargains—all things considered.

Mr. Murphy, of Tammany Hall, makes haste to assure the public that it is Gray, and not Johnson, who will be favored by his organization's support. We rather suspected Gov. Johnson wasn't that sort of politician, magnet.

Perhaps that man who invented the odorless onion might settle for good the submarine mess.

The Populists in Georgia resolved recently that a "change" in State administration is advisable, but didn't specifically endorse Mr. Joseph M. Brown for the governorship. As Mr. Brown is the only opponent of the present incumbent, however, he should be fairly well pleased with what he drew.

The verminiferous appendix is the only thing in nature that is absolutely useless," says London Lancet. We have no idea any considerable number of the Lancet's subscribers would endorse that statement from a financial standpoint, anyhow.

An Ohio defendant was recently fined 1 cent, and now a Seattle man has been sent to jail for one minute. There is one thing about sentences of that kind; they are carried out, and not Green-and-Gay-nored along for four or five years.

When a bank fails in China, the government then chops off the president's head, and then proceeds to look into the bank's affairs. Perhaps some such amendment to the Aldrich bill would make Senator La Follette feel better.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch doesn't like it because Mr. Loeb was left off that list of 100 men who control this country. Everybody in Washington, however, understands perfectly that Mr. Loeb is the central figure in that list.

A Plea for Economy.

From the Springfield Republican.
It is bad enough in times like these to propose higher public salaries for existing officers; but it is going from bad to worse to propose the creation of still more salaried offices. Has anybody noticed that business corporations are pursuing such a course?

Not Nasty Enough.

From the Chicago News.
If Gov. Johnson has any serious Presidential hopes, he should get busy soon and heard the octopus in its den.

The Real Trouble.

From the Indianapolis News.
It isn't always that the hat itself is so big, but that the woman under it is so small.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A GLOOMY SCREEED.
We waste our tears,
We waste our years,
We waste our time,
We waste our strength,
That life doth teach
The ends we reach
May stamp us each
An April fool.

On worthless goals
We set our souls,
And the school
That life doth teach
The ends we reach
May stamp us each
An April fool.

Would Want It Back.

"I wish I had Rockefeller's money."
"It would only cause you endless trouble."
"I guess you're right. He'd never give me any rest."

Scant Practice.

"This man," declared Herlock Holmes, "writes but few letters."
"Why should you draw that inference simply because his penmanship is poor? Bad penmen often write voluminously."
"You miss the point. Here it is April and he is still dating his letters 1907."

His Views.

"One of the queer things of life," remarked the Chronicle Grouch, "is to see a poor man's daughter trying hard to acquire a taste for imported caviar."

Such Is Life.

It's very hard
For sage or bard
To keep serene and cool
When Fortune chaffs
And at us laughs,
And Luck yells "April fool!"

His Little Luck.

"What is a lac of rupees?" inquired the man who was entertaining a visitor from Hindustan.
"A great inconvenience," replied the Easterner, who had evidently become sufficiently acquainted with our idiom to venture a mild jest.

Even Better.

"My daddy laid down a tun of wine when I was born."
"Fine old custom. Going to do the same for your son?"
"No; I think I'll lay in a ton of coal."

Quite So.

"Julius Caesar, young gentlemen, reformed the calendar. What may we surmise from this?"
"He was a good political and stuck to harmless issues," answered the class as one man.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

From the Baltimore American.

TITLED FOREIGNER'S LOVE SONG.

O, come with me and be my bride!
I love you for your shining charms,
I long to hold your glittering eyes,
Within my eager waiting arms.
I fain would press a husband's kiss
Upon your rings of yellow curl,
For 'tis the color of your dot,
My golden girl!

Almost as bright as your blue eyes
As your dollars, lovely maid,
In your sweet smile I feel the bliss
Of my pressing debts fully paid.
Your hand in mine, I feel I can
At cash demands my fingers twirl,
Your kiss means luxury to me—
My golden girl!

I ask so little of you, dear,
Just have my coronet regit;
The castle's almost tumbled down,
Of course, you'll have it well rebuilt,
Your income put in my control,
To show how well I can do what I will,
No more than this will I demand,
My golden girl!

Subconscious Memories.

First Club Member—Does your wife ever take a poker hand?
Second Ditto (absently)—Very rarely; she generally prefers a broom handle or the rolling pin.

Revelations.

"Your girl's father is something of a grouchy person, isn't he?" asked the casual friend.
"Yes," replied the young man, unthinkingly, "he is a confirmed kicker."
"And he wondered why everybody smiled."

Substantial Proof.

She—Am I really the dearest thing on earth to you, Harold?
He—You've got my word, darling. I have the bills to prove it.

A Subject for Ostracizing.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Oldgirl in reciting the story of the family's terrible experience with the hag who came to my room first and what do you think? They chloroformed me in my sleep."

The Very One.

Manager—We've got to get somebody on a pinch to play that light role.
Leading Lady—Then why not get the electrician?

Leap Year Mistakes.

"Was that pretty girl I met coming out of your office proposing to you?" facetiously asked one business man of another.
"No," answered the latter. "She had seen my advertisement for a stenographer, and only wanted to be assisted to me."

Growth of Temperance.

From the London Truth.
A century ago drunkenness was a prevalent vice among all classes in England. So little was thought of it that William Pitt could appear in the House of Commons in a state of beastly intoxication while Prime Minister without provoking any unfavorable remark. To-day our upper and middle classes are as sober as any people in the world. How has this change been brought about? Certainly not by acts of Parliament or compulsory restrictions of any kind upon the consumption of liquor. I suppose it is due to the progress of education and refinement, a better understanding of the poisonous effects of alcohol, and the formation of a more wholesome public opinion in consequence of a matter of fact, the same influences have been working with good and increasing effect in the lower strata of society for twenty years or more past.

Nature's Noblemen.

From the Philadelphia North American.
Representative De Armond wants the country to raise its own noblemen. It does, and every once in a while some of them get into Congress and blacken each other's eyes.

APRIL.

What time the prairie still lay black and froze,
I wandered forth; like some old gipsy
That waits for writing for the old oppressor.
Such seemed the dreary fields I wandered over—
A worn, sea-yellowed parchment, little more
Than fragments of words whose thought could not be guessed.

Not a single scrap of probe to attest
That here would yet be lavished a new store,
To-day upon the selfishness I still recall.
The selfishness! Nay; the selfishness hath been
Illuminated with its summer green.

As long as spring is spring and soil is soil,
I ask but my own sky, and all between,
Have not been tossed aside, a crumpled scroll,
—Gottfried Hult, in the Century.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Frank Wheeler Mondell, Representative from Wyoming, was born in St. Louis nearly forty-eight years ago. His parents died while he was yet young, and at the age of seven, he went to Iowa with relatives. Soon after he went to live with a Congregational minister, and with them moved to what was then the frontier, in Northwestern Iowa, where he remained on a farm until nearly eighteen years of age. The only education he was able to obtain was during the school months, supplemented by reading and study. He was extremely arduous, and his early life was marked by privations to make his way in the world, but he is recognized as a man of ability and a statesman of no mean proportion. After leaving the farm, Mr. Mondell went to Chicago, where he took any employment offered. Seeing no opportunity for advancement, he got the Western fever and went to Denver. He remained there seven years, working in various capacities in connection with railway construction. In 1887 he went to Wyoming, still working for the railway construction company and prospecting for coal. When the town of Newcastle was founded, Mr. Mondell was elected mayor, and he served in that capacity five terms. In 1890 he was elected to the State senate, and though he was the youngest member, was elected president of the body in 1894. In 1894 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives, and he was a political honor for him, and he was a candidate for governor of Wyoming, but at the last moment, yielding to his inclinations, he withdrew and was nominated for Congress. He was elected. He was defeated for re-election in 1896, owing to the free silver wave, but was again elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and has served continuously ever since. He is a sturdy champion of every measure that benefits the Great West, is a ready speaker and fearless in expressing his views. Representative Mondell is chairman of Committee on Public Lands.

A number of United States Senators have made names for themselves as lecturers, and incidentally money lecturers on the Chautauqua circuit. The two best paid, and most sought after, speakers are Senators La Follette and Tillman, both of whom are interesting and entertaining characters. Senator Beveridge is called upon frequently and Senator Doolittle is considered a good lecturer and a drawing card whenever he is to speak. Senator Borah, the most popular of the Idaho, who became prominent during the Haywood trial for the killing of Gov. Steunenberg, will break into the lecture field this summer, and has been carded for several talks. Senator Burdick, another one of the younger Senators, is casting longing glances in the same direction, and the probabilities are that he will be heard from soon. The lecture platform is a good way to keep in the public eye, and it will not be long before our statesmen will, at the close of each session of Congress, divide themselves into parties and travel East, West, North, and South in search of fame and money.

There was some audible wailing and gnashing of teeth in the House yesterday shortly after 5 o'clock, and it was a wailing and gnashing that was universal.

John Sharp Williams, who caused it, received just about as many dark and gloowering looks from his own side of the House as he did from the Republican wing.

Mr. Williams had a desire during the afternoon shortly before the first shortly in this story appears, to address the House on some subject dear to the heart of the Mississippi or the minority leader, since he is both.

Some member of the majority objected, and Mr. Williams sat down after a vain and fruitless expenditure of effort. Just after the first shortly—once above—Representative Scott, chairman of the Agriculture Committee, whose bill was under consideration, moved that the House adjourn.

Mr. Williams objected. Apparently, on a viva voce vote, he was beaten. He called for a division. Again he was beaten.

"In order to save the time of the House," he called for the yeas and nays. The House stayed a half hour longer, therefore, while the yeas and nays were called.

Black looks were many, but it was a sad fact that it seemed from the gallery as if Mr. Williams would have prevailed for once, if his own people had stayed with him to the bitter end, they did not, and the motion to adjourn prevailed after great mental carnage.

ALTRUISM OF SCIENCE.

Giving One's Blood for the Salvation of a Little Child.

From the Ohio State Journal.
A little child in New York was suffering from purpura, a disease accompanied by the weakening of the walls of the arteries, so that the blood escapes from all parts of the body and shows itself in livid patches on the skin. The case of this child was an aggravated one, and the physicians were ready to give it up, when the transfusion of blood was suggested.

For this purpose the father said that he would give his own blood, all of it, that the child might live. So he was strapped to the child's body and one of his arteries connected with the child's blood vessels, and then a great current of his strong, healthy blood went into the child's body, and the little one almost immediately rallied, and is now not only out of danger, but is fast gaining flesh and the rosy hues of health.

Here is altruism in its simplest form, and while it is only the natural sacrifice of oneself for his own child, it is a picture that all humanity loves to look upon. It is where science opens wide the door to the religion of service.

Expensive Receiverships.

From the Wall Street Journal.
Undoubtedly the three receivers of the Knickerbocker Trust Company did their work well, and they deserve a share of the congratulations which are now being lavished on the success of their institution. But \$75,000 each for six months' work, making \$225,000 for the three receivers, and \$75,000 more for the lawyers, seems pretty big pay. Surely our system of receiverships and their remuneration needs reform.

Why Not Mr. Roosevelt?

From the Baltimore Sun.
Perhaps, if the post could be kept open until after March 4, 1909, Mr. Roosevelt would be willing to accept the ambassadorship to Germany. That would be a meeting of two great souls, and William Theodore could settle the fate of the universe.

Nor Boss of the Senate.

From the Cleveland Leader.
The President urges tariff reform, but, then, Mr. Roosevelt isn't the Speaker of the House.

A BLOW TO CALHOUNISM.

Federalistic Tendency of the Last Supreme Court Decision.

From the New York Tribune.
The Supreme Court has now made shreds of the whole Calhounite argument. It says that the Constitution empowers the Federal courts to assume jurisdiction in any case in which complaint is made that a State seeks to infringe on personal or property rights "without due process of law." The Federal courts can suspend State laws, enjoin State officials, and nullify any State proceedings whatever which defy any complaint of a full and fair hearing in an equity court or tend to abridge his recognized personal and property rights. The Federal tribunals, in short, are open to the fullest extent to any one who feels that the State is dealing with him harshly or unfairly, and Federal justice stands ever ready to repair the defects and shortcomings of State justice. This view completely traverses the old theory of the State's more or less complete sovereignty, and is in accordance with the most radical Federalist in the whole Constitution. If the Federal courts can upset any State legislation when it deprives a citizen of personal and property rights "without due process of law," and can themselves define what "due process of law" means, their verdicts are the only ones which will hold in crucial cases affecting great property interests. Calhounism, with its dream of forty-six sovereign States and forty-six different legal systems, is now raised into "innocuous desuetude." As the Federal legislative power has been enlarged to control agencies which had outgrown State restraint, so the Federal judicial power is being enlarged to insure uniform protection and justice.

AT THE HOTELS.

Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is making his annual visit to Washington and is stopping at the New Willard. He has spent the past three months in Florida, and now is fresh from his first visit to Havana. He will be here a week or more, and on Sunday next will speak at the Crosby Noyes Memorial meeting, paying a tribute to his life-long friend, with whom he was associated in the early days of Washington journalism.

"Unless all signs fail, the Taft boom is on the decline," said Peter R. Young, of San Francisco, Cal., at the New Willard, yesterday. Mr. Young is interested in steamship freight lines to the Orient, and is here on business, the nature of which he preferred not to disclose.

"Taft has had his day, and from now on his strength will diminish. The field is against him, and every candidate who is against him seems to be gaining. Of course, there is no reason to believe that Taft has had his day, but no matter how palatable the doses given out by Hitecock may be, the fact remains that he is losing ground."

"You ask me who, under the circumstances, will receive the nomination if Taft is not able to make it on the first ballot? That's hard to tell, and it isn't. It isn't hard to tell, because I think it'll be Roosevelt. The country, the masses, want him. The Republicans as much as the Democrats or vice versa. And it is hard to tell because if he does not take the lightning bolt strike a dark horse. Who do I think is most likely to get struck? Cortelyou has as good a chance as any of them. Yes, a better chance. He knows the work of the national committee from Alpha to Omega, and knows all the big game and maneuver in the party council, and if money is needed to get results, Cortelyou is the man who can get it. He is a clean, honest, reliable and successful, and has the confidence of everybody who knows him. Yes, I know there is too much talk about a Cortelyou boom, but that matters little. Talking every day and distributing daily stories to the press does neither nominate nor elect a man."

Pennsylvania is purchasing ground on which to plant trees, according to the statement made by Henry R. Carter, of Philadelphia, who is interested in the wholesale lumber trade, at the Raleigh yesterday.

"So far, there have been purchased in